Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, October 1, 1933. Pleasant.

At the end of each month it is always interesting to look over the guest register and see the distant points from which our guests travelled that month. The following States and countries, not including New England, were found registered for the month of September:- Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, California, Missouri, Long Island, Texas, Iowa, Alabama, Tennessee, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Maryland, Florida, South Carolina, Nebraska, Texas, Arizona, Indiana, Arkansas, North Carolina, Virginia, Oregon, Nevada, Wisconsin, Louisiana, and Oklahoma. Countries:- England, Australia, Canada, Japan, South America, Dutch East Indies, Germany, Hawaiian Islands, China, West Africa, Alaska, and Denmark.

Today, the first day of October, was very mild and pleasant, partly accounting for the large number to visit the Inn. Over three hundred people came to just see the building and one hundred and sixty-four had dinner.

Mrs. Helen Bates returned to Boston today after enjoying a five-day vacation at the Inn.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, October 2, 1933. - Pleasant.

Miss Margaret Ryan who has been employed at the main office of the Inn for the past few years is enjoying a short vacation.

Miss Alice B. Walker has been taken seriously ill, necessitating her removal to a hospital. Miss Walker, secretary to Mrs. Spicer, has acted in the secretarial capacity here for the past four years.

The Revolutionary canteen that is ordinarily over the bar-room fireplace was missing today, having been taken down for repairs to its strap.

Tuesday, October 3, 1933. - Pleasant.

After looking over the sign of the administrator's sale that is at the end of the lower hall of Lyman Howes estate in 1861, (the Wayside Inn) a guest commented on the fact that she knew Mr. T. B. Battles the auctioneer of the sale. She said that Mr. Battles' daughter was his Sunday school teacher when he was ten years old.

Reports from the hospital that Miss Walker's condition has shown no improvement, has everyone worried, and hoping for her speedy recovery.

Wayside Inn Journal.
Wednesday, October 4, 1933. Pleasant.

DIED SUDDENLY THIS MORNING

Alice B. Walker, Executive at Wayside Inn; Ill Few Days

Oct. 4, 1933—

Marlboro—Miss Alice Ball Walker, 1 Park street, assistant manager of the Wayside Inn, South Sudbury, and one of the best known young women of this city, passed away early this morning at the Massachusetts Osteopathic hospital, Jamaica Plain. Though she had not been in the best of health for the past two years she had attended to her duties at the Inn until the latter part of last week when she was taken suddenly ill. Monday afternoon she was removed to the hospital where an operation was performed in an effort to save her life. She failed to rally however, and gradually weakened, passing on at about 1 a. m. this morning.

Miss Walker was born in New Marlboro, Massachusetts, in 1888, the daughter of Mrs. Ida J. and the late John B. Walker. She was educated in the schools of Windsor Locks, Connecticut, and Northfield Seminary, and later attended Morse Business College in Hartford, Connecticut. For a number of years she was bookkeeper for the Rice & Hutchins Inc. in their Curtis factory, this city, and following the closing of the plant opened a tea room which she maintained for a time in the Major Rice block.

For the past four or five years she has been employed in an executive capacity at the Wayside Inn, where her exceptional business ability and conscientious service won the respect of her superiors as well as her assistants and her passing will leave a vacancy very difficult to fill. News of her death cast a shadow of gloom over the entire surroundings.

Besides her mother, Mrs. Ida J Walker who lived with her in the home she purchased a few years ago, she leaves three sisters, Mrs. William J Bush of Los Angeles, California; Miss Clara B Walker of Fall River and Mrs. Alvin E. Smith, of Hartford, Connecticut. also one nephew, Alvin Smith of Hartford.

Funeral service will be held on Friday afternoon at 1.30 at her home, 1 Park street, and will be private. Rev. Herbert M Gesner, minister of the Unitarian church, of which Miss Walker was a member, will officiate. Interment will be in the family lot in Orange, Massachusetts, in charge of Frank E Child, funeral director.

With the passing away of Miss Walker we not only lose a very dear friend and associate but an outstanding representative of the Wayside Inn. She had mastered the details of the estate and her judgment was always unquestionable. Her true loss cannot be expressed in words.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Thursday, October 5, 1933. Rain.

Mrs. Loffin.

Mrs. Loffin is doing her share - here at the Inn enlightening folks in the art of spinning. Her little corner in the old kitchen is always congested with many admirers and eager pupils, it sometimes necessitating a little urging on the part of the hostess in order to continue with her lecture of the rest of the building.

The cleaning of the chimneys of the buildings on the estate has been started in order to meet the coming cold weather with safety.

Roxside
John
Journal
10-5-33

Unskilled Hands Learn Art of Spinning

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR-Wide World

Mrs. Mary Maillet of Roslindale, Mass., Teaching Class

Left to Right—Mrs. Frances Eisenberg, Employment Counselor; Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick, Principal of Harlem Continuation School; Mrs. Mary Maillet, Teacher, and Miss Bertha Frey, Instructor for the Homecraft League.

Mrs. Maillet Flew to New York To Teach Spinning to Women

Perhaps Revival in Homespun Cloth Began When She, Who Clothed Her Children by Her Weaving Art, Said 'No, Please Do It This Way'

Special from The Christian Science Monitor Bureau

NEW YORK, Sept. 8—To some the story began when Mrs. Mary Maillet of Roslindale, Mass., dropped out of the skies in an airplane with her spinning wheel under her arm. To others it started when an advertisement appeared in New York and Boston papers asking for "old ladies who know how to spin." But, of course, properly the very beginning was when Mr. John Cole, advertising man out of a job, said to Mr W. R. McHargue, another advertising man out of a job, "Say, here's a picture of Mrs. Roosevelt knitting in the Senate gallery. This is its a good time to revive homespun."

Mr. McHargue agreed and went up to the New York Historical Society to look at spinning wheels. He looked and he looked. In fact, a whole wing of the gallery was cleared one Saturday afternoon, so he could definitely decide just what were the essentials of a spinning wheel. He tried all the society has. And then he went off and made one which is being duplicated in a factory and sold by 25 leading department stores all over the country.

Then the story took a new turn. It is all right, of course, to market spinning wheels and certainly it is true that the public just now is interested in all kinds of homemade products. But given an advertising man and a spinning wheel, and you are bound to have high spots in any story.

Well, the high one in this tale is Mrs. Maillet's. But before she started on that sky ride, she had read the advertisement in a Boston paper which asked for an old lady who could spin. Mrs. Maillet is a pretty active person, but she didn't mind admitting she was a grandmother. And she ought to know a lot about spinning. Wasn't she one of eight children who were entirely clad in homespun, and didn't she dress her own seven children in homespun, and even now doesn't she make mittens and caps for her grandchildren?

Mrs Maillet didn't know why the advertisers wanted her photograph, but she was enterprising enough to have it taken right by the side of her spinning wheel, which was more than was done by any of the other 49 ladies in Boston or the six in New York who replied. And so she got the job.

The job really was to come to the Harlem Continuation School in New York, and under the Department of Adult Education of the State of New York to teach women to spin. Mrs. Maillet not only did that job well in the opinion of the educators, but she attracted a lot of attention, which was what the advertising men wanted.

Now Mrs. Maillet is back in Roslindale, but the two advertising men hope that in time they will be able to set her up as a teacher of spinning. It is reported that an appropriation to teach spinning in the rural districts of New York State under the direction of the Department of Adult Education is not an impossibility. At the present time there is a Homecrafts League, which Miss Katherine Lee Grable is heading for the Adult Education Department and under whose auspices this teaching could be done.

Already one leading New York store has agreed to buy homespun sweaters if the factory can supply them. Now, with the market waiting, the promoters of the enterprise hope that women will undertake the spinning as a source of income.

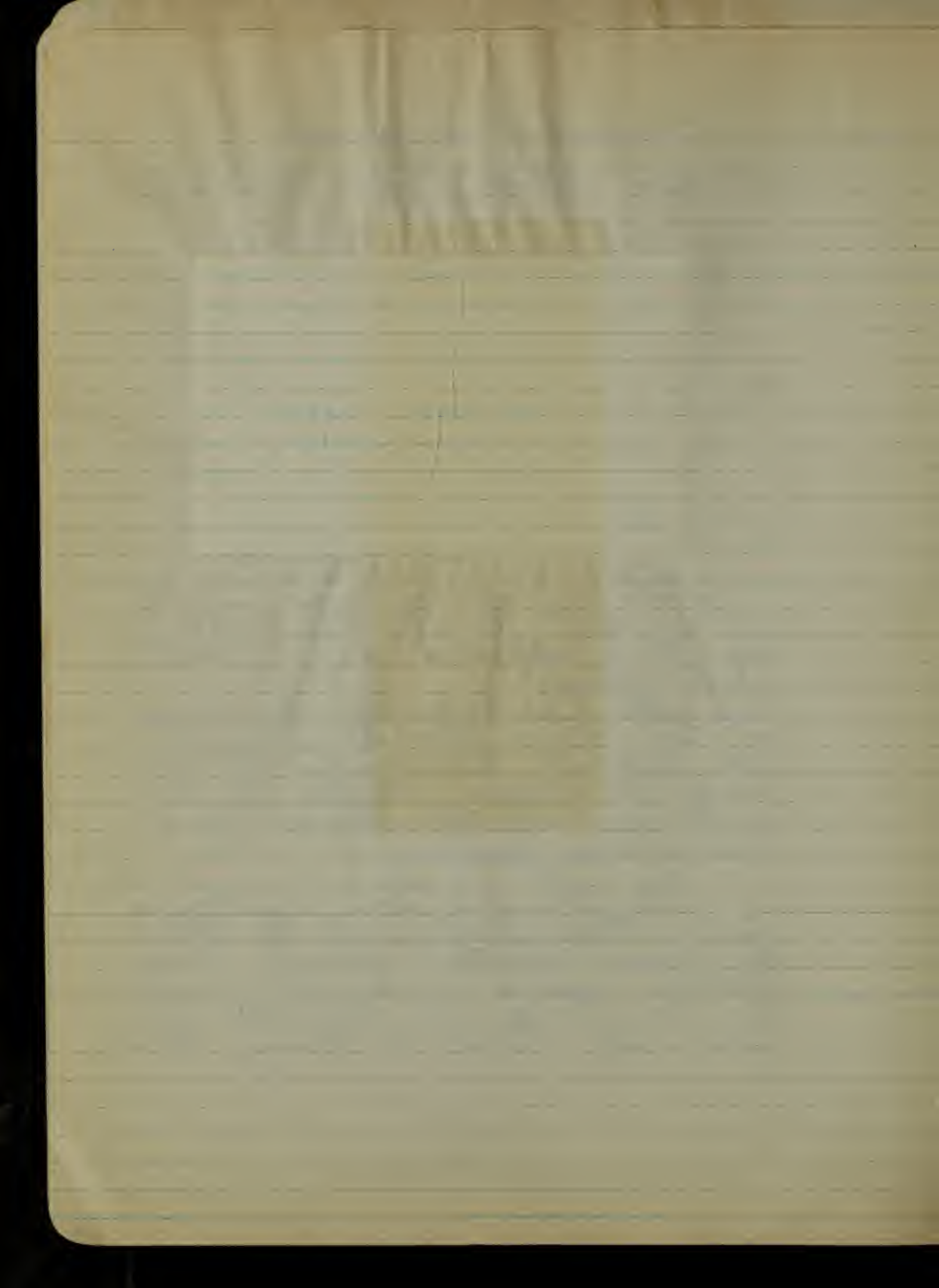
The movement bids fair to become national under the auspices of the annual exposition of Women's Arts and Industries in Astor Hotel from Sept. 25 to 30. Certainly there will be spinning ladies in the show, and the board of the exposition, headed by Mrs. Oliver Harriman, is looking into the possibilities of establishing an American Homespun League to interest women all over the United States in the possibilities of homecraft as a measure of family maintenance and as an income-producing activity.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Friday, October 6, 1933. - Pleasant.

The stacks of corn in the field next to the Inn barn as they appeared on a recent dull day.
In all probability, the boys of the Boys School will soon be asking permission to use some of these stacks to decorate one of the barns for a Hallaween Party.

The Wayside Inn employees paid their last respects today to their departed friend Miss Walker, going in small groups to her home in Marlboro before her burial in Orange, Mass.



Wayside Inn Journal.

Saturday, October 7, 1933. — Pleasant.

FOREIGN GAS GROUP HERE

Will Visit Everett Plant as Guests of N. E. Asso.

A group of 67 European gas executives and their wives will be entertained today in Boston upon their return from the annual convention of the American Gas Association at Chicago, and this morning will inspect the Everett plant of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company.

They will be transported across the harbor by boat, and busses will be used part of the way to the plant, where they will watch the workings of equipment which daily turns out 70,000,000 cubic feet of gas. A shopping tour is planned for the women members of the party, who will also be entertained at lunch at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel by wives of New England gas executives. The men will be entertained at lunch at the Parker House by a large group of New England gas officials.

The option of attending the Harvard-Bates game or of a sight-seeing tour in and about Boston, with tea at 5 o'clock at the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, will be offered the visitors. Announcement of the plans for the visit was made by H. R. Sterrett, vice-president-general manager of the New Haven Gas Light Company and president of the New England Gas Association. The party will have its headquarters at the Hotel Statler. Vice-President W. C. Beckjord of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company has been appointed chairman of the general committee of arrangements by Mr. Sterrett. The visiting gas executives represent England, Ireland, France and Switzerland.

Forty-one of these Foreign gas executives chose the sight-seeing tour of historic Boston this afternoon, with tea at the Wayside Inn at five o'clock.
An Englishman of the party was allowed to take one of our small maple trees back to England, as a remembrance of his visit.

Stephen Gooch.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, October 8, 1933. Pleasant.

SAMUELS FEARS ECONOMIC RUIN

Former Home Secretary of England Opens Ford Hall Forum Season

Economic nationalism eventually will lead the world to disaster, Sir Herbert Samuels, M. P., former home secretary of England and former high commissioner of Palestine declared last night at an address that opened the Ford hall forum for this season.

During the question period Sir Herbert declined to answer a question as to whether England would support France if the latter "moved on Germany," the inference being that reasons of state prevented him.

Every seat in the hall was occupied, several hundred were forced to stand when an "SRO" sign was placed outside the hall 30 minutes before the forum began, and additional hundreds were turned away.

Tariffs form one of the major obstacles to world recovery, Sir Herbert said. He described tariffs as "walls which shut out foreigners' goods, but shut in your goods, too." He declared it a "mad policy" to restrict production as is being done by the administration, and cited Secretary Wallace's words that "if tariffs stand there must be a drastic reduction in farm acreage."

England, France and the United States may be self-sufficient, but other nations are not and to bar them from trading with half the world would eventually lead to friction, war and imperialism, he said.

Sir Herbert Samuels had dinner here this noon with three friends as guests of Mr. Wm. Filene of Weston. Mr. Filene has dined here often, and was accompanied today by his secretary, Mrs. Schotler. Before leaving the Inn, Sir Herbert kindly registered in our special guest book.

An unusual number of Englishmen seemed to have visited the Inn during the past month. Only this evening one of our overnight guests was from England.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, October 9, 1933. Cloudy.

When a dinner was served in the old kitchen recently, Miss Clarice Blanchette, (on the left) acted as waitress and Mrs. Gould was the cook. These uniforms, typically puritan, add greatly to the general atmosphere on each occasion, blending with the light of the fireplace and the candles.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Tuesday, October 10, 1933. Pleasant.

Wayside Inn Neighborhood Dance Course

DIRECTED BY ALBERT HAYNES OF SUDBURY

OCTOBER 10TH TO DECEMBER 26TH, 1933

PLEASE PRESENT THIS TICKET AT THE DOOR

Tickets like the above have been made in conjunction with the dances being held this year. They will tend to eliminate the person who comes for only one lesson, and with a full enrollment from the start the class will make much more progress than in the past.

The first lesson of this course was held this evening. Besides the regular piano and violin for music, we are fortunate to have a saxaphone this year. Mr. Grandis, a native of Maine, who is the bandmaster at the Boys School completes the trio.

Twenty-one teachers of the Wellesley Senoir High School had a dinner here this evening, celebrating the wedding of a fellow teacher.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Wednesday, October 11, 1933. Pleasant.

Sixty pupils of Worcester Classical High School came this morning to be shown through the building and to see the other interesting points on the estate. Having come in private cars it was much easier to visit the Redstone School, Grist Mill, etc.

Forty-five members of the Post Road Unit of the National Farm and Garden Association held a meeting in the large ball-room this afternoon. Mrs. F. H. Conant of Paris, France was the principal speaker of the day. After the meeting, the gathering motored to Mrs. Spicer's home where they enjoyed afternoon tea.

The Southdest School girls came for their sewing lesson at two o'clock, occupying a corner of the small ballroom.

Besides the regular transients, a party of nine graduate nurses from the Foxboro State Hospital had dinner here this evening as a grand finale of their graduation festivities.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Thursday, October 12, 1933. - Pleasant.

- Columbus Day -

This was indeed a beautiful day. Not only did the sun shine brightly to warm the earth and make travelling a comfort, but the surrounding countryside with its deep colored foliage added to the holiday atmosphere, enticing the average person to the out-of-doors.
It was noticed that many family parties stopped to visit the Inn while touring the country, and at the close of the day, our figures showed that three hundred and fifty-one dinners had been served.

Friday, October 13, 1933. - Pleasant.

The Southwest and Redstone School children had their regular dancing lessons this afternoon, while the students of the Boys School came to the Inn in the evening for their instructions. The "Juniors" had their lesson from seven to eight o'clock and the "Seniors" from eight until nine thirty.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Saturday, October 14, 1933. - Pleasant.

The Green Mountain potatoes in the two fields next to the Colvin Haw House are being taken up and stored away in the cooling plant, for use at the Inn and to sell at the General Store. Disregarding the fact that this was newly cultivated land the crop of potatoes was quite heavy, getting four hundred and seventy-five boxes to about two acres of land.

The large dining room was the center of two school parties this afternoon. One group was composed of twenty-eight students from Decker Academy, Albany, New York, the oldest girls school in America. The other party, the Penacre School of Wellesley, came here last year and were back again for another enjoyable time. It was rather a coincidence that both schools were for girls.

As we were about to close the Inn for the evening five Boy Scouts from the Mohscat Camp asked if they might not look the building over. The scout-master explained that they had started out cross-country for our Grist Mill but in the darkness had lost the trail.

Stephen Gooch.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, October 15, 1933. Pleasant.

One hundred and twenty-six ladies of the Zonta International Club which is holding its Regional Fall Conference at the Hotel Commander in Cambridge, came to the Inn this afternoon for a dinner and general meeting as planned by Miss Lillian Burdakin, Chairman of arrangements. The ladies enjoyed having the large dining room practically to themselves, singing club songs to the accompaniment of the organ that happened to be in the room, and having a general good time.

Including this party, over seven hundred people visited the Inn today, the largest number to come here in over two years. Three hundred and twenty-six of the seven hundred were dinner guests, so the kitchen and waitresses were kept hustling besides the hostesses in the front of the Inn.

A party of thirty Unitarian young men from Greater Boston Colleges, journeyed out today to enlighten themselves on "The Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, October 16, 1933. — Pleasant.

Upon her arrival at the Inn this noon for a short visit, Mrs. Henry Ford called a meeting of the National Farm and Garden Association executives of this district (the Post Road unit) in preparation for the coming meeting to be held in New York. The meeting took place in Mrs. Ford's apartment, occupying most of the afternoon, and was only interrupted long enough to have dinner.

Seventeen pupils from the Walnut Hill School, Natick came to see the Inn this afternoon, the trip being made in conjunction with their literature class.

Tuesday, October 17, 1933. — Pleasant.

After visiting the gardens and other points that she is particularly interested in, Mrs. Ford went to the office this morning to talk over plans with Mrs. Spicer for the coming winter. Mrs. Ford's visit here this time was exceptionally short, she leaving for Detroit this afternoon.

The regular dancing class for the adults was held this evening. The rather intricate five step schottische was tried for the first time, with fairly good results.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Wednesday, October 18, 1933. - Pleasant.

A party of ten deaf children from a Rhode Island School for the Deaf was shown through the building this morning. The hostess was a little doubtful at first if she would be able to convey her information to the group, but after being told by the two accompanying teachers to just speak a little slower than usual, she managed very well.

The Newton Centre High School Women's Club, composed of one hundred and nine ladies, had a dinner and entertainment in the large dining room in the evening.

Thursday, October 19, 1933. Pleasant.

Professor Schell of Harvard College brought seven of his friends out to dinner this evening, a custom he has been following for several years. Instead of sitting around the old kitchen fireplace, after dinner, whittling, as on past visits, the party spent the evening having a scholarly talk.

Reverend Mr. Hang of Newton was host this evening to thirteen of his vestrymen. After an enjoyable dinner the churchmen had a business meeting in the small ballroom.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Friday, October 20, 1933. - Pleasant.

After making the tour of historic Boston, eighty pupils of the Central Junior High School of Quincy drove out to the Wayside Inn to make their historic tour complete. As soon as they arrived, they divided themselves into two groups so as not to be uncomfortable while the hostesses took them through the building and explained everything.

Mr. Haynes conducted the regular dancing lessons for the Southwest and Redstone School children this afternoon, with Miss Brown playing the piano.

Saturday, October 21, 1933. Pleasant.

The majority of our dinner guests this evening were mainly the people returning from the football games held in Boston and Worcester.

It is rather pleasing to know that many of the dinner parties held here recently were given by guests who have become regular patrons.

Stephen Gooch.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, October 22, 1933. - Pleasant.

The upper photo shows Mr. Spiller, the teamster, working the potato digger on the Calvin Howe field recently.

The lower picture gives a general view of the field, with the potatoes packed in boxes, ready to be taken to the cooling plant.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, October 23, 1933. Pleasant.

Thanksgiving dinner reservations are noticeably increasing as the days go by. It is our aim and hope to accommodate as many, if not more guests than a year ago.

Today was an average business day. An old kitchen dinner was served in the evening to a party of ten, which was given by a Mr. Humphreys, a frequent VISITOR at the Inn.

Tuesday, October 24, 1933. Cloudy.

It was rather unusual today to serve two dinners in the old kitchen. The first party to be served (at noontime), was composed of twenty-six ladies of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars from Rhode Island and Massachusetts. This group was served sirloin steaks in place of the regular roast beef, the steaks being cooked on a grill placed over the hot coals in the fireplace. The evening party, (twelve ministers,) was headed by Dr. John Van Schaick, Jr, a familiar figure at the Inn each winter during the annual Universalist ministers retreat.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Wednesday, October 25, 1933. Cloudy.

Virginia Clarke and her five school mates from the Perkins Institute for the Blind of Watertown, made their proposed visit here today. The girls were taken through by a hostess and seemed to evince a great interest in the colonial furnishings of the Inn.

Thirteen teachers from the Andover Junoir High School came here in a group today to have dinner and to make a tour of the building.

Judge E. W. Blodgett of Framingham, another one of our frequent guests, had as his dinner guests this evening, Congressman Tobey, former Governor of New Hampshire, and Senator Coolidge.

One of our guests recently told us that the roundabout chairs here at the Inn are two of the only four, known to be in existence in this country.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Wednesday, October 25, 1933. Cloudy.

OCT 2 2 1933

Perkins Inst.,
Watertown, Mass.
Oct. 21, 1933.

Visiting Department.
Wayside Inn,
Sudbury, Mass.

We girls of the Sixth Grade have been studying about colonial life. We would appreciate

we could visit the Wayside Inn.

We have heard of the spinning and weaving that is being done there, and we would like to see it.

We would like to know if we could have a guide, and if we could come

Wednesday the
twenty-fifth. We
shall start about half
past one.

Sincerely yours,
Virginia Clarke.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Thursday, October 26, 1933. Cold.

Three priests of a neighboring church were hosts here this noon to four missionary fathers, who are stopping at their church for a short time. After a delightful dinner, the clergymen enjoyed the customary trip through the Inn.

Because tomorrow is Teachers' Convention Day, and therefore a School holiday, the Redstone and Southwest School pupils had their dancing classes this afternoon.

The heavy frosts of the past week have stripped the trees of their foliage, giving them a wintry appearance.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Friday, October 27, 1933. Dull.

"A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams."
— Longfellow.

Judging from the many overnight guests we had this year, these lines still describe the charms of the Wayside Inn.

The Boys' School enjoyed its regular dancing classes this evening from seven to nine o'clock.

Saturday, Oct 28, 1933. Cloudy.

The annual Hallowe'en party sponsored by the Boys' School, was successfully held this evening at the McLaughlin barn. The many funny and gruesome costumes in the party, of which Mr. Kirklands was judged the funniest, added greatly to the affair. Mr. Haynes directed a few of the old time dances and Miss Brown climaxed the evening by telling a weird ghost story, with the barn in total darkness as an appropriate setting.

Stephen Gooch

Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, October 29, 1933. Cloudy.

Since the reopening of the Inn on Sundays this past April, this day, with the exception of holidays, has been the best business day of each week. The majority of our dinner guests on the Sabbath, come to dine between the hours of twelve and three o'clock in the afternoon, it most always necessitating the use of the large dining room.

Of the one hundred and seventy guests served today, there were a noticeable number of students from St. Marks School of Southboro, and from Harvard College. This was due most likely, to the fact that many of the students parents had remained overnight after witnessing the School football game on Saturday.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, October 30, 1933. Pleasant.

SALVATION ARMY BIDS COL JENKINS FAREWELL

The last in the series of evangelical meetings held at the People's Palace, Washington and Brookline sts, took place last evening when a large gathering of Salvation Army members and friends bade farewell to Col Walter F. Jenkins of New York, who has preached at the meeting.

On his way to New York, Colonel Jenkins stopped at the Inn for a short time this afternoon. After making the customary tour of the building, he and his friend had tea.

Tuesday, October 31, 1933. Pleasant.

An expected party of twelve men stopped to have dinner at the Inn this noon. On inquiry, we learned that the group were Post Office officials from Washington, D.C. and Boston, headed by the Postmaster of Boston.

Every Tuesday evening brings forth the employees of the estate and our Wayside Inn neighbors to the regular old-fashioned dance held here in the large ballroom. These dances are not only enjoyed by the participants but also by our dinner guests, who seem to enjoy just watching the dances.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Wednesday, November 1, 1933. - Pleasant.

With the Inn garden practically cleared and taken care of for the winter, Mr. Kirkland has been transferred to the Ezekiel Haw cow barn, which is located next to his present home.

Mrs. Soffin, who attracted a great deal of attention while spinning at the Inn and Handicraft Shop the past few months, left for her home in Maine today, having supplied the shops with enough yarn to last for the winter.

Thursday, November 2, 1933. - Extremely mild.

This wonderful day brought a number of school children to the Inn. Fifty-five pupils of the City Mills School of Norfolk journeyed out by bus, and twenty-two Girl Scouts from Shrewsbury came to go through the building.

In the evening, an old kitchen dinner was served to a party of twelve, which was headed by a Mrs. Frazier of Weston.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Friday, November 3, 1933. Pleasant.

A group of twenty-two pupils from the Lawrence School in Waltham came to be shown through the Inn this morning.

In the afternoon, the grammar school children had their regular dancing lessons in the large ballroom.

The Boys School had its dancing classes in the evening, with the young ladies from Marlboro and Sudbury coming to help out as usual.

Saturday, November 4, 1933. Pleasant.

Twenty-six men and women of the Millwood Hunt Club of Framingham made their annual cross-country horseback ride to the Wayside Inn this afternoon. Their many colored riding habits made a pretty picture as the party approached the barn to dismount and leave their animals, while having tea at the Inn.

The potted lilies-of-the-valley at the end of the lower hall, that were recently brought from the greenhouse, are constantly admired by our guests.

Stephen Gooch.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, November 5, 1933. Pleasant.

Reverend Michael Earls, S.J. who was a frequent guest at the Inn while President of Holy Cross College, Worcester, came out from Boston with four guests this noon to have dinner. The article on the next page, was taken from a recent magazine, evidently written after a visit to the Inn.

Monday, November 6, 1933. Snow.

The first snow of the season fell this morning, and the storm continued throughout the day, the snow changing to rain in the evening, causing a slush.

Having witnessed a number of the old kitchen dinners served here this year, Mrs. Spicer entertained her six house-guests to one of these barbecques this evening. The affair was so entirely different and enticing that her guests plan to each come with a party of their own in the near future to have enjoy another of these dinners.

Wayside Inn Journal, Sunday, November 5, 1933.

Maggie Murphy's Home

By MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

1933

If it is something to be great in literature, it is something greater to be great in life: and therefore Maggie Murphy's Home—*circa* A. D. MDCCCLXXXVIII—is a greater thing, if not in material splendors, surely as an idea and a principle and a memory, than The Wayside Inn, though the latter stands a century older, still aglow with the fireside "Tales" written by Longfellow in his neighborly Cambridge study, and now firmly captured and delightfully captivated by the wealthy investment and efficient management of Mr. Henry Ford.

And it is ardently hoped that some understanding and capable Maecenas of our day, such as Mr. Ford in regard of the Inn, will have the vision and the finance to preserve the Home from the slithering crashes of the encroaching city—from the rattling undermines of the Subway and the overhanging shadows of the Skyscrapers; and, as the Detroit patron, regardful of the Inn, preserved it upon its colonial foundations, but moved the Wayside away a hundred yards to secure the edifice against the road-shaking trucks and the jazzy disregard of the Profane Vulgars, so may some other Captain of Industry, with a Gaelic love of traditions, and an American eye for the Public Thing, find a way to remove the brown blur and blatant bluster of the Elevated Railroad—the crued dragon that necessitated the closing of the front windows of the Home, and silenced the harmony of its tones in the parlor above the Avenue.

Ah! the dear parlor! Bravo! The gentle programs given by the melodeon, more charming than those of a modern radio, because there was no broadcasting of unbelievable wares through the comic rhetoric of tutored salesmen about Pilfer's Cigarettes or Makebelieve Powders. How the poet of the Home was content to say of the function of that modest mahogany case and its pulsating reeds:

> There's an organ in the parlor,
> To give the house a tone!

And how we would gather and pause for a few moments out on the parterre of the social sidewalks,

> With all the boys and all the girls
> That worked down town with me,

to hear the organ announce that the reception moment was at the finger tips: and then would follow the succession of melodies, repeated *da capo al fin,* about Sweet Marie, and the Two Little Girls in Blue, and The Sidewalks of New York, to assure the assembling pilgrims, whether youthful swains in the front hallway or the youthful-hearted parents on the back porch, that

> You are welcome every evening
> At Maggie Murphy's Home.

Now, out front in the parlor, the young bloods would be laughing over their bantering dialogues and kindly slogan: "Everybody welcome: everything free." repartees, and bravely chanting the facile choruses of the latest songs; and in the dim hallway at the head of the stairs there might be a cute chance for Ben Bolt to whisper to Sweet Alice. With what candor the poet of the Home admits and proclaims those interludes:

> And kisses on the sly.

But it was in the rear rooms of the Home where the splendors gathered—the patient graces of life and the worthy material of literature. For thither assembled the elders of the parlor lads and lassies, "straggling along at any decent hour," to find a welcome and comfort in any corner of the kitchen and the dining-room. Here indeed was "an academy of courtesy and conversation," (to quote a phrase from Alice Stopford Green's authoritative paragraph about Miss Margaret's ancestors in the medieval times). What realms of literature these humble men and women could travel over roads of poetry and prose. And this statement is not colored by any tint of exaggeration: for the assembled guests in the rear rooms of Maggie Murphy's Home were the intimate descendants of great traditions both of history and of legend.

EXTERNALLY they appeared to be, as indeed they were after the trying effects of famine and exile four decades before, the hewers of wood and the carriers of water: but their hearts were ever to be young and courageous in the vivifying effects of their glorious heritage, and their memories were unfailing manuscripts of recorded treasures, rehearsing not only the invigorating humor and wistful pathos of ballads in the ragged scholarship of the Hedge-School-masters, but also the epic splendors of the old sagas and the bardic cycles of romance as old, and yet as young, as Saint Patrick and Oisin. Every corner of the Murphy kitchen and dining-room contained a modest Seanichie whose ballads and stories were older than the narratives which were gathered for The Wayside Inn,—Paul Revere, King Robert of Sicily, Rabbi Ben Levi, and finally King Olaf's Saga, which Ole Bull, the musical Norwegian, is presumed to have recited:

> And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
> A Saga of the days of old.
> And in each pause the story made
> Upon his violin he played.

And it is no scandal (such as modern scriveners affect to find for their biographical hish-hashers) to state here that Ole Bull had never been a guest at The Wayside Inn: and when that "historical fact" was enunciated by a ciceroness of the Inn to a group there with Mr. G. K. Chesterton recently, one could easily imagine that the distinguished Crusader, to whom the Longfellow "Tales" had been the golden A B C of his childhood in England, had ten thousand repartees ready to reply, as this, of a fragmentary dialogue, partly imaginary:

(*Follows a pause by the y[illegible] fi[illegible], while the ciceronesses display a Vermont sap bucket given by Mr. Calvin Coolidge and inscribed by Messrs. Ford, Firestone and Edison and by the Prince of Wales while a guest at Dearborn.*)

G. K. C. (*splendidly*): And now let us sit here by the fire, and tell stories, stories older than Boccacio: they are better than the radio. (*Happily and sensibly, the Inn has no radio.*)

Now, returning to Maggie Murphy's Home, it is not necessary to asseverate that the ancient bards of Deirdre or of Oisin were never actually present with those who gathered about the parlor organ or the kitchen stove. No boast may be made, though it would be true that the skillful maker of Irish songs and novels, Samuel Lover, was a guest on Broadway, not far from the Home, in 1849, and that his grandchild, Victor Herbert, was growing to musical fame there in 1894.

The point is that those evening groups who assembled about Mistress Murphy and Miss Margaret were lineal descendants and faithful retainers of a great tradition and of undimmed treasures in literature. Douglas Hyde, gathering material for books among the Galway hills in that decade, marvelled that he was able to take down from the lips of an old grandmother the thirty-four verses of a fourteenth century poem; this particular poem had been faithfully transmitted by memories all through those centuries, for only one manuscript copy of it existed, and that lay hidden and unknown in the Trinity College library.

And from this instance, offered by a literary historian, we may easily realize what countless balads and stories were retained and repeated by the plain-clothed descendants of the seanichies and grandmothers from the clans in Munster and Connaught. Continental scholars, if they had visited Maggie Murphy's Home at that time, would have gladly given their contemporary testimony to the literary heritage displayed there, and would have solaced the hearts of the exiles with the courteous manner of their dialogue:

Jules Jusserand (*reading from the first volume of his "History of English Literature"*): Ireland has preserved for us the most ancient monuments of Celtic thought. . . . Important works in our day have thrown light on this literature, but all is not yet accomplished; and it is computed that the entire publication of the ancient Irish manuscripts would fill about a thousand octavo volumes.

Stopford Brooke, (*while Jusserand is turning to a further page of his learning reads from his own notes*): And when we get these Irish literary remains done into English, they will start the Idylls of the King going for another thousand years.

Jusserand (*delighted at Brooke's enthusiasm of appreciation, and pointing to another paragraph in his "History," reads impressively*):

An inexhaustible fertility of invention was displayed by the Celtic makers of literature. They created the cycle of Conchobar, and afterwards that of Oisin, to which Macpherson's "adaptations" gave such world-wide renown that in our own century they directed Lamartine's early steps towards the realms of poetry. Later still they created the cycle of Arthur, most brilliant and

[illegible] found [illegible] *the page, Jusserand glances towards the group about the Murphy dining room. He does not know that an elderly woman there is an ardent patron of Mary Anderson, and another a relative of the Sadlier novelist; and that two of the attentive men are, one Jerry Cohan, the father of George, and the other an inspiring guide of Victor Herbert. Bowing towards Stopford Brooke, to approve of his note, Jusserand continues from his volume*):

No wonder if the descendants of these indefatigable inventors are men of rich literatures; not meagre literatures, but deep and inexhaustible ones. And if a copious mixture of Celtic blood flows, though in different proportions, in the veins of the French and of the English, it will be no wonder if they happen some day to produce the greater number of the plays that are acted, and of the novels that are read, all over the civilized world.

Brooke (*with his finger among pages of his "English Literature before the Norman Conquest," seems ready to read: he deems the pages too copious for the present moment*):

What I say here has to do with the influences, direct and indirect, of the Gaels in the making of English literature.

G. K. C. (*who had sat in his boyhood as a student at the feet of Stopford Brooke, is heard in the distance, as if over a future horizon, singing of Colan of Caerleon*):

Last of a race in ruin—
He spoke the speech of the Gaels;
His kin were in holy Ireland,
Or up in the crags of Wales.
He kept the Roman order;
He made the Christian sign;
He made the sign of the Cross of God,
He knew the Roman prayer:
But he had unreason in his heart
Because of the gods that were.
For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry
And all their songs are sad.

And as the assembled guests rose to give their good-night salutation to Mistress Murphy and Miss Margaret, after another of the wholesome evenings at Home, the organ in the parlor was approving the classic truth of poetry,—

Be it ever so humble
There is no place like Home:

and giving assurances to future poets to say (as Joyce Kilmer was to say),

And the only reason a road is good, as every traveler knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes.

And then in the lamplight and merry laughter, the entire chorus resounded,

You are welcome every evening
In Maggie Murphy's Home;

hile the elders on the back porch confirmed the lines he Murphy poet, as if he had written in the reflective ıer of a Greek choral odist.

O blessed leisure hours,
The working people know.

AND *en passant* let us add that years afterward a scion of the Murphy household, a police lieutenant in the Bronx, engaged as a Welfare Worker with one of the splendid American Units during the Great War: and his training in the boyhood school of his grandmother's hospitality was influential in having that Unit proclaim at all of its "huts" in all of the camps, the honest slogan: "Everybody welcome: everything free."

Farewell, therefore, to Maggie Murphy's Home, a long farewell to all its greatness, unless a good Maecenas, such as Mr. Ford achieved for the Wayside Inn, will rescue the Home, and the principle of Home, from the cheerless spirit of Apartment and from the homelessness of Radio Stalls and Movie Theatres and Fireless Foyers. Surely it would be the desire of the distinguished, home-loving director of the huge Empire State Building to see Maggie Murphy's Home lifted up and set as a shrine of principles in the empyrean of the loftiest tower,—the Home that can say more truly than any king or congress, *"L'etat, c'est moi,"* and hold aloft the heart of its song, "Home! Home, sweet home," to purify and strengthen the hearts of all the world.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Tuesday, November 7, 1933. Gray.

Now that the cold weather has driven away the flies, Mr. Foulter is busy taking off the window and door screens about the Inn, washing the windows in the process.

The cut flowers that have ordinarily decorated the dining room tables have been replaced with attractive potted plants. The greenhouse supplied the Inn with flowers in past winters, but this is not possible this year, since it has changed, for the raising of vegetables.

Of the three school groups to be shown the building today, two were from Waltham. These two, totalling seventy pupils, were the fifth grades of the Ezra Fitch and Royal Robbins Schools. The other group, (twenty-four pupils) was from the Weare Junior High School of Weare, New Hampshire.

The adults had their regular dancing class at eight o'clock this evening.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Wednesday, November 8, 1933. Cold.

Mr. Lee is busy covering his herb garden and plants and bulbs in both of the flower gardens before the cold weather and frosts get at them.

Thursday, November 9, 1933. Gray.

The famed episode of "Mary and her Lamb" is actually being relived at the original old schoolhouse. The "Mary" of today is well portrayed by little six-year old Bobby Curtis, a first-grade pupil at the Redstone School. Every morning on his way to learn the three "R's", Bobby may be seen followed by his pet lamb, "Tommy," but sad to relate, "Tommy" never seems to be able to slip into the building unnoticed as did Mary's lamb.

Today was another gray November day. Despite the snow flurries and general unpleasant weather this evening, Mrs. Kinyon and a party of ten friends drove up from Providence to have dinner.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Friday, November 10, 1933. Cloudy + Cold.

A door-check or stop, has been placed behind the front door of the Inn to stop its unnecessary slamming against the corn-sheller in the hall every time that it is opened. An arm was attached to the door at the same time, to make it close automatically.

The majority of the old kitchen dinners served thus far this year have been sponsored by regular patrons who have been enjoying the comforts of the Inn for a number of years. An example of this was brought out this evening when Mr. Wig of Boston tendered one of these dinners to a group of six friends.

Every Friday afternoon, before the closing of the school week, the Redstone and Southwest school children enjoy coming to the Inn for dancing lessons. The Boys School has its classes in the evening.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Saturday, November 11, 1933. Windy.

– Armistice Day. –

The extreme chilliness of the holiday made the fires and general peacefulness of the Inn extremely welcome to our guests.

Of the total of one hundred and fifty-one dinner guests served today, (approximately the same number served a year ago), there were a noticeable number of doctors this year.

Stephen Gooch.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, November 12, 1933. — Pleasant.

The earth was covered with a blanket of snow this morning, a storm having come up unexpectedly during the night.

Professor Dana of Harvard College, a nephew of Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the famous poet, visited the Inn today for the first time in three years.

Sunday, as has been mentioned, has been found to be the best business day of each week, with the possible exception of holidays. The dining room took care of one hundred and ten guests today while other guests stopped just to see the building and to learn its history. The Japanese lanterns grown by Mr. Lee this summer, were very decorative on the mantles over the fireplaces in the small dining room today.

With the coming of the snow, the sheep were moved from the Lamson barn back to the Inn barn for the winter.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, November 13, 1933. Pleasant.

Under the supervision of Mr. Clark, a number of boys from the Boys School started shucking the large quantity of corn in the McLaughlin barn that was brought from the fields and stored for that purpose. After the corn is husked, it is put in boxes and taken to the Ezekiel Row cow barn and stored, ready to be fed to the cattle during the cold months.

Tuesday, November 14, 1933. Cold, Gray.

The girls of the Southwest School came down to the Inn this afternoon for their weekly sewing instructions given by Mrs. Jackson.

Miss Hopkins and Miss Pelton, former employees at the Inn, attended the adult dancing class this evening, renewing many old acquaintances

Wayside Inn Journal.

Wednesday, November 15, 1933. Cold.

Forty-three pupils of the Nahum Hardy School of Waltham made a tour of the estate this morning, visiting the Inn, Redstone School, Grist Mill and General Store.

Thirteen blind boys of the fifth and sixth grades of the Perkins Institute, Watertown came in the afternoon to be shown through the Inn and to see the coaches in the Coach House. These boys knew just what to look for because they were classmates of the blind girls who visited the Inn three weeks ago, and they had evidently discussed the points of interest. The boys were particularly interested in the coaches because they were studying this mode of travel in their history class. They "saw" the vehicles by feeling them, and did a good job naming the different parts and the materials.

Thursday, November 16, 1933. Pleasant.

Miss De Mille has started to take the annual inventory of the furnishings of the Inn. She has made this task so systematic that it may now be completed in a short time.

Mrs. Gillette is away for a few days, attending the New York Hotel Show at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Friday, November 17, 1933. Windy.

The grammar school children had their dancing classes this afternoon, and the Boys School theirs, this evening. Reverend E. A. Simmons of Wilmington brought a group of twenty-five young men and women to witness the senior boys class in the evening in an attempt to revive this type of dancing in his parish.

A crew of men are kept busy during the winter chopping wood for fuel for the boilers and fireplaces of the Inn, schools, and General Store.

Saturday, November 18, 1933. Cloudy.

Forty students of the Stafford High School, Stafford Springs, Connecticut came by bus to visit the Inn, today.

When the suggestion was made to have a few spills (twisted coils of newspaper, used as a torch before matches were common) handy to our fireplaces, Mrs. Bradbury and Miss Hurd set to work and made a quanity of them, Mrs. Bradbury having made them when she was a little girl.

Ten ladies from Providence Rhode Island, who called themselves the "Do as you please club," enjoyed a dinner here this evening.

Stephen Gooch.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, November 19, 1933. Pleasant.

Today might well have been classed as a Spring day. The sun shone brightly for the first time in days, and the front lawn with its leaveless surface added to the general atmosphere. The interior of the Inn was brightened by decorative bunches of bittersweet in the windows at either end of the upper and lower hallway.

Monday, November 20, 1933. Pleasant.

The fine business this evening offset a customary slow Monday. The majority of the evening guests were part of the three groups that had dinner. The largest party, seventeen men, were officers and guests of the Doric Lodge of Masons from the neighboring town of Hudson.

Although not able to be here himself, Professor Ickell of Harvard College sponsored another dinner for his associates this evening. This party was composed of sixteen men, and because their usual gathering place the kitchen was occupied, they had their customary meeting in the bar room.

The third group of the evening had an old kitchen dinner. This dinner, sponsored by Mrs. Young of Boston, was in honor of a bride-to-be.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Tuesday. November 21, 1933. Pleasant.

The fireplace chimneys were given their regular cleaning this morning. As another precautionary measure against fire, Mr. Kittredge the mechanic at the laboratory took the fire engine from the coach house to warm it up and to give it a general inspection.

The girls of the Southwest School had their weekly swing lesson this afternoon in the small ballroom.

A group of twelve men from the Washburn Company of Worcester stopped at the Inn to have dinner this evening while en route to Boston to see the first hockey game of the season.

After the adult dancing class this evening, a short meeting was held in the ballroom to determine the exact nature of the final dance on December 26 that will conclude the present course of twelve lessons.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Wednesday, November 22, 1933. Pleasant.

A party of five girls journeyed here from Pawtucket, Rhode Island this evening to have dinner and to see the building that they have heard of so much. The old kitchen proved to be the most interesting room of the Inn. When the young ladies learned they could be served in this room, they immediately began to plan on having an old kitchen dinner in the near future.

It is very pleasing to see that Mr. Mann, ordinarily a regular Sunday visitor, has been managing to come out for dinner lately on Wednesdays also, this being an off day in this particular business.

Thursday, November 23, 1933. Pleasant.

With only a week remaining before Thanksgiving Day, preparations are well underway to accomodate the usual large number of people who come to the Inn each year to have their Thanksgiving dinner in a real Puritan atmosphere.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Friday, November 24, 1933. Pleasant.

The Redstone and Southwest school children enjoyed their regular dancing classes this afternoon, bringing to a close another pleasant school week.

The Boys School dancing classes were held in the evening as usual. Reverend E.A. Simmons of Wilmington repeated his visit of last week, bringing another group of twenty-five young people from his parish to watch the second boys class, this all being done in an attempt by the minister to revive this type of dancing in his community.

Our overnight guest rooms were all occupied this evening, the majority of the guests coming from Connecticut to see the football game at Cambridge tomorrow.

Saturday, November 25, 1933. Pleasant.

Mrs. Lord of Sterling was hostess at the old kitchen dinner served here this evening to a party of ten young men and women.

Mr. and Mrs. Darby of New York City, overnight guests a few months ago, came this evening to again enjoy the quiet of the Inn.

Stephen Gooch.

Sunday November 26 - 1933

Fair

An ideal day for motoring through the country.

Over one hundred and fifty persons took advantage of the glorious sunshine of our last Fall holiday, and came to dinner which is served from twelve noon to eight in the evening.

Parents of students attending preparatory schools and colleges within a reasonable radius love to entertain at the comfortable Wayside Inn and enjoy its food, service and hospitality.

Entusiasm prevailed, as the various football games and victories of yesterday were discussed -

The evening was will be given entirely to the special preparations for one of the greatest of American holidays

Wayside Inn -
Sudbury

Monday, November 27, 1933

Fair

The hunting season is on, and three men returning from a camp in Maine had dinner with us. and invited all of those interested to inspect the collection of animals they were carrying home.

Among them was a good sized bear, two deer, a bob cat, a fox and several smaller creatures.

Their interest in the Inn and its furnishings was sincere and genuine.

The purchase of copies of "Tales of a Wayside Inn" "Mary Rand" book and sets of post cards ended the visit very fittingly.

The old kitchen - as well as the new was full of activities today

Favors for the hundreds that plan to have dinner with us on Thursday were being assembled at a furious pace.

The evening found a group sitting around the long pine table, fingers flying, orange crepe paper much in evidence, a pungent odor of mints agreeably filling the air and each worker eager to do his or her part to add to the Thanksgiving celebration.

The old adage "Many hands make light work" is amply exemplified -

Wayside Inn
Ann Foster

Tuesday, November 28. 1933.

Fair.

RICHARD H. DANA DIES IN NEW YORK

Was Oldest Grandson of Henry W. Longfellow

Herald - Nov. 28?, 1933

Richard Henry Dana, the oldest grandson of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and a member of one of the most prominent families in New England, died at his home, 340 East Seventy-second street, New York, of pneumonia at noon yesterday. He was 54 years old.

He was the fourth to bear the name of Richard Henry Dana and was a direct descendent of John Alden. His father was a well known civil service reformer, the author of books on civil service, and his mother was Edith Longfellow, daughter of the poet. His grandfather of the same name was the author of "Two Years Before the Mast." His great grandfather, the first Richard Henry Dana, was also an author. All four were Harvard graduates.

Mr. Dana was a professor of architecture at Yale, the author of a book on architecture, and the designer of several outstanding buildings.

Mr. Dana was born in the Longfellow home at 105 Brattle street, Cambridge, Sept. 1, 1879. He was the only grandson of Longfellow born in his home.

He studied at Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, was graduated from Harvard in 1901; received the degree of S. B. at Columbia University and B. F. A. at Yale, and studied in the Beaux Arts in Paris.

He established an architectural business in New York and also was professor of architecture at Yale. He designed the Yale School in China and the Loomis Boy's school in Connecticut. He had traveled extensively.

In 1911 he married Ethel Nathalie Smith of New York in Grace Church, New York.

He was a member of the Century Club, of New York, and the Harvard Club.

Besides his widow he leaves his son, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., a senior at Harvard; and a daughter, Miss Mary Peperell Dana of New York; three brothers, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana of Cambridge, Allston Dana of New York, designer of the Washington bridge connecting New York and New Jersey, and Edmund Trowbridge Dana

The accompanying article is of interest because the descendants of Longfellow share the love and fame that belong to the great poet.

Quite often we are honored by relatives, who tarry a while with us and enjoy their dinners in the very dining room that was in use in Longfellow's day.

Doctor Albion met one of our hostesses in Framingham today and during their brief conversation he announced with lively interest that there were only fifty more days before the retreat."

The "retreat" meaning the convening of Universalist ministers for a few day in January - a yearly institution that has existed for more than thirty years and dates back to Mr Reeves day.

The Inn has many, many friends.

Wayside Inn
An Hostess

Wednesday, November twenty ninth - 1933

Overcast and cold.

Every heart is heavy - but hoping for the best.

The papers and radio predict stormy weather tomorrow.

Jappie worn a path from "Bar" to telephone to answer the increasing calls for reservations, we long for a sunny day and look forward to welcoming the many who wish to enjoy their Thanksgiving celebration with us.

In spite of the fear of rain or snow - the holiday spirit prevails.

Spicy kitchen odors pleasantly pervade the house and all is in readiness.

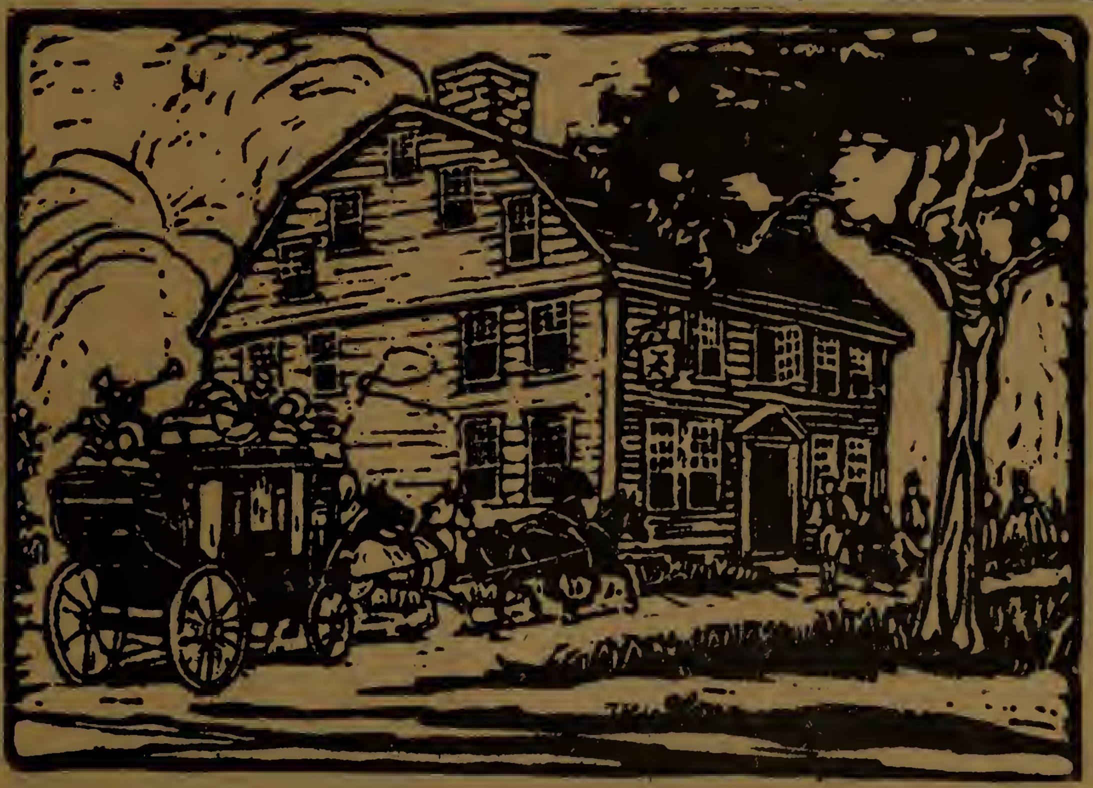
Mrs Gillette sends up word - "Dont stop taking orders - we have over 500 orders of turkey - enough for all"

Maude Lee
- Our Hostess

Thursday - November 30 - 1933

Blue sky and bright sunshine!

Ther. 59°



The Wayside Inn of storied fame is the subject of this pleasing print in a series of block prints of old New England buildings of historic interest by Florence Bradshaw Brown of Provincetown. (All prints copyrighted by Mrs. Brown and reproduced by courtesy of Holman's Print Shop.)

Post. Nov. 19, 1933

Thanksgiving - Today and Long ago.

The objective of over 500 today
Wouldn't you like to come too?
Windows shining - Dimity curtains - spick and span.
Dining room - beautifully decorated.
Favors for all - pumpkins and turkeys for the kiddies
Flowers, tables, glass and silver shining
The best of dinners - sunny dispositions - and the guests arrive.
Grey uniformed girls hurrying and white coated boys scurrying.
Everybody did their best and what fun to count those thousand dollars.
Work - sunshine - success!

Wayside Inn -
(An Hostess

Friday - December 1 - 1933

Light winds
Cold but clear.

Winter has begun in earnest.
For better can we describe this N. E day than in Mark Twain's own words: -

It happened in the year 1876 - when he was addressing a dinner of the N. E. Society in New York.

Among other things, he quoted what he pretended was a typical weather prediction for a N. E. day as follows: -

"Probably nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping round from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning."

Today we are putting the Inn to order. Soon there will be no traces of the busy day of yesterday - We now plan how we can make next Thanksgiving even better. already reaching and looking forward.

Miss Bryant is still with us - and is looking forward to the dance tonight -
The Adult boys class outshines the adult class - and it is a pleasure to be an on-looker - these Friday evenings -

Wayside Inn
Mt Forest

Saturday - December 2 1933

Cold and Cloudy

Miss Bryant returns to Radcliffe. We want her to come again.

The Inn resumes its quiet and dignified demeanor now that the holiday is really over - and once again we take up the daily duties.

Consider how many people - hosts - have come to these doors - hurried - and gone away - refreshed and strengthened.

May we hope that two other words can be added to the above :- comforted and encouraged.

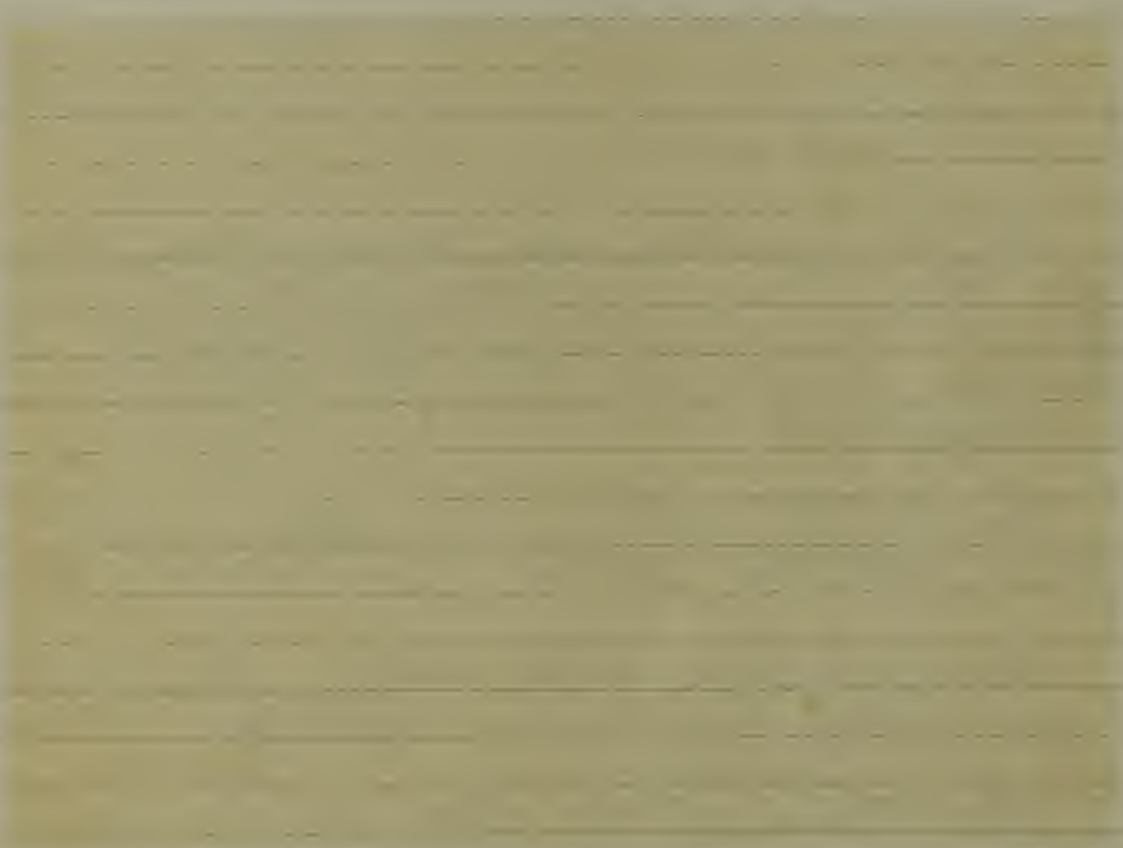
Stephen Gooch, who graduated a year ago last June - has been a faithful and helpful member of our little family, daily proving his loyalty and his ability to carry responsibility.

We hope to welcome him back after a four weeks of travel, rest and recreation.

Have a good time, Steve. Be another good will messenger to Dearborn from South Sudbury!

Meantime - the diary misses you.

Wayside Inn
Ann Foster



Sunday - December 3, 1933

Rain and cold.

Several people visited the Inn in spite of the gloomy weather.

Mr Aaron Richmond, who is managing a concert to be given in Worcester by Mr Lawrence Tibbett spent Saturday night, and today with us.

The Inn is gaining quite a reputation as an ideal place to rest and be free of turmoil and traffic -

"Craigie House" in Cambridge, home of New England's beloved poet, Longfellow, whose gentle spirit seems to pervade even this block print in black and white, so sympathetically does Mrs. Brown present her subject—almost involuntarily one begins "between the dark and [illegible] light," upon looking at it.

A silent tribute to one who made our Wayside Inn nationally known.

Wayside Inn
Ann Hostess.

Monday December 4 - 1933

Rain - Sleet - Snow

A few really interested guests braved the elements and had luncheon here today.

The fireplaces did their bit in giving them a warm welcome.

The B. & T bus was obliged to vary its hourly schedule several times today - but the cars on the estate experienced no difficulty in battling the sleety roads.

Since the busy Summer season, Monday has been our slow day, and this is no exception.

An old kitchen dinner was planned for this evening but was cancelled on account of the treacherous driving. The dinner was simply postponed.

Webster, our beloved canary, the one who has always attracted so much attention, is almost silent these days. He sits on his perch - fluffed like a yellow ball of down.

He peeps only when aroused occasionally by the gay songs of Jackson, his young friend who hangs in the window next door.

We hope he will soon regain his own trills and cadenzas.

Hayside Inn
Its Hostess

Tuesday, December 5 - 1933

Very threatening

A new "low" in luncheon attendance, but if the sun shines tomorrow we may expect a goodly number.

A man and his wife from New Haven Conn - revisited the Inn today, after a lapse of thirty-eight years for Mrs Codman and over forty for Mr Codman.

In those days, boys from Framingham and other neighboring towns used to ride over in hay-carts, roam about the country, play-games, using the hollow trunks of the huge oaks for hiding places and in many ways enjoying themselves as only boys can.

Memory pictures of childhood are so mellowed by the years that one often experiences disappointment but in this case the reality was very satisfying.

They pronounced the food "the best" outside of their own home.

The adult dancing class met tonight & it is now 10:30 P.M. - and all have gone.
Not a full number in attendance but the usual gay spirit was manifest.

Mrs Spicer and Mr Haynes planned and confirmed the Christmas activities.
There will be celebrations of varied nature; trees, carols, dances and pageant. Nobody will be overlooked. The Christmas season is begun.

Wayside Inn.
An Hostess -

Wednesday - December 6. 1933

(Rain

We are all wishing for pleasant weather -

Our friends are probably more interested in Santa Claus than in a trip to the country - at this particular season -

Tonight the sunset was gorgeous and if signs still work - tomorrow will be fair.

Mrs Williams was "on Duty" this morning after being away for six weeks.
We were all glad to have her with us again.

Mr Bostrum brought down several potted plants this morning - most of them of the cactus family.
These are decidedly decorative and greatly appreciated.
The cold frames have been helpful in preserving some of the plants and bulbs that formerly were in the green house.

Guests are constantly asking the name of our plants and flowers, which often leads to a purchase at the market through which many flowers are sold.

We must brush up our knowledge of plant lore if the public are to be kept informed.

Wayside Inn
Ruth Foster

Thursday December 7, 1933

Mild and clear.

The beautiful weather today, increased our patronage
Nearly fifty were here for either luncheon or dinner

Last Thursday's turkey is now forgotten for the time being - and there is again a desire for a real dinner at a real Inn.

Children's dancing classes were held this afternoon, as the large ball room will be used for the Farm and Garden meeting and lecture.

Clifford Moffett comes to the Inn when it is necessary. Each hostess has to have one day off each week.

Some days we need him only half time.

Wayside Inn
Sue Foster -

Friday. December 8- 1933.

Overcast all day.

Another Christmas season is here.
The boxes of decorations and strings of lights were brought over from the gate house, in readiness to be used on the big tree that will be brought in and put into position next week.

It doesnt seem possible that another year has passed.

Much has been planned in the way of simple - wholesome enjoyment - quite in contrast to the lavish and elaborate celebrations of the last few years - and far more appropriate.

Everybody is helping to create a spirit of kindness and courage.

I feel sure that a happy time is coming to one and all.

The "Boston Post Road" unit of the Farm & Garden met in the large ball room this afternoon.
It was an open meeting and friends were welcome. There were nearly 100 present.
Professor Davis from Amherst gave an interesting and practical demonstration of home made Christmas greens for decorations.

In the evening, the regular dancing classes met as usual. A marked improvement is quite noticeable -

Wayside Inn.
Andover.

Saturday December 9. 1933

Cloudy and Snowy.

A group of 55 students from Worcester Polytechnic Institute made a very complete tour of the Inn this afternoon.
The framed documents on the walls of the rooms, seemed to particularly hold their attention.

Following this group came fifteen of the young men attending the 44th Annual Conference of the Y. M. C. A.

Both groups were gentlemanly and appreciative.

A group of young married couples twenty three in all - had steak dinners at 7:15 and then adjourned to the small ball room for a game of bridge.

They were quite enthusiastic about everything and plan to come again.

Wayside Inn
Mr Hostess.

Sunday, December 10, 1933

Coldest day of the season.
Thermometer ranging from 12° - 6° above

For a long time I've wanted to voice a word of appreciation of our dining room and its perfect service

If there is one outstanding feature of the Inn it is the dining room, its equipment and the waitresses. The latter I would rate 100 %
Their appearance, manner and good training goes far in creating a desire to again visit the Inn and enjoy what it offers.

The head waitress, Miss London "Agnes" as we all love to call her, is thoroughly at home in her work, having had a wide experience.

When the holiday seasons bring in reservations for dinners in large numbers, we are confidant that our guests will be planned for and cared for in just the right way.

The accompanying snap shot pictures Agnes in her white silk uniform, white silk hose and pure white shoes - all immaculate.
We just know that with such a person in charge, the linen silver, dishes - and food presentation will be perfect!

Wayside Inn
The Hostess -

Monday, December 11. 1933.

Very cold - 6° above.

We are getting ready for Christmas in earnest. It is so cold that the Inn is very quiet.

The parlor, barroom and kitchen fireplaces are warm and cheery - and guests are loth to leave for the bitter out-of-doors.

Mrs Walker, our Miss Walker's mother came in this afternoon for a little call.

Post cards arrived this morning from "Steve" who is visiting his brother in Dearborn. He plans to see a bit of Detroit and New York before his return. He writes enthusiastically.

Tonight, all who can sing or who are interested in the carols and pageant, went to Dutton Lodge.
Miss Fisher was invited to come out from Boston to lead the sopranos.
We are glad to have her with us again.

The down stairs kitchen was warm and gay this evening. Christmas presents were wrapped for the childrens' party and tree next Monday eve.

Mrs Gillette, Miss Ryan - Rose and Clarice were the busy workers.

The childrens tree is not to be Monday, which is the party for the dancing class - the little folks. It will be Thursday evening.

Wayside Inn
Lee Mass.

Tuesday, December 12 - 1933

High winds last night
Very cold today.

In spite of the zero weather, the Inn is warm and and toasty.

No sightseers in this morning by eleven thirty orders began to come in for luncheon.

Steak is the general favorite when Jack Frost gets down to real work.

The regular Tuesday evening adult dancing class was held at Dutton Lodge tonight.

We miss the strains of music that drift through the halls to the bar room when our three piece orchestra play for the different classes.

It only needs a few hours of snow to make this an ideal winter's night.

While his mistress was enjoying her luncheon - little daggie waited patiently outside -

Rose kept him especially happy for a portion of this waiting.

Miss Dudley or "Rose" is one of the regular dining room girls.

Wayside Inn
Au Hostess -

Wednesday. December 13. 1933

Gray and cold.

The Christmas tree and party is to be in the large dining room it was announced today.

Plans are being made and everybody is quite thrilled.

There were guests today from the Pacific coast and others from abroad.
One of the latter said that the "Wayside Inn" was far more interesting than the "House of Seven Gables"
The charm of the Inn pleads to each and all.

Tonight the young girls are invited to meet at Mrs Spicers to sew on stockings that will be made to hold oranges, popcorn and candy for the children who will receive them from Santa Claus next Monday. It is now planned for Thursday.

The snowflakes are falling; only a few at a time but by morning we expect to see our New England country side as Whittier painted it in words.

Wayside Inn
Our Hostess -

Thursday, December 14, 1933.

Zero weather -

We dont expect many visitors on days like this.

It is difficult to drive; radiators freeze, wind shields cake with frost and sleet, and most folks prefer their own fireside.

Mr and Mrs Henry L. Mason and two students of music dined at the Inn tonight.

Mr and Mrs Mason are associated with the Boston Music School Settlement.

They are both intensely interested in the boys school and in 1929 Mr Mason gave a talk on "Music" which is still remembered.

Mr Butterworth of Framingham - so often called the "Orchid King" brought guests for tea this afternoon. He is very neighborly.

White coats do not alway indicate warm weather -

Mr Coulter ably assists in all sorts of work - from boiler room to Parlor.
He flies about the house as though on wings.
Always on time - always on the job.

Wayside Inn
Ann Hostess

Friday December 15 - 1933

Zero weather continues.

Mr Wallace Nutting - an authority on antiques brought a friend to see the Inn today.

The friend, Mr Davis by name, signed on the register as from Berea - Kentucky.

Naturally he would be interested in the hand wrought furnishings of the Inn and the many articles for sale at the Handicraft Shop - which are similar to things made in connection with Berea College.

The large dining room is being made ready for the Christmas festivities.

The piano was brought down today, the tables packed away and the chairs placed around the sides of the room to accommodate the children and their parents who are expected at the "Family Tree."

We anticipate a very jolly time.

Mr James Campbell - "Jim" to his many friends -

Willing, cheerful and competent and last but by no means least - thoroughly reliable and trustworthy.

Wayside Inn.
Mr Fathers.

Saturday December 16. 1933

Sunny but cold.

Mr Coulter with the assistance of two boys from the school, moved all the tables from the large dining room and arranged the many chairs along the wall.

Under each of the three chandeliers is a christmas tree securely fastened to the floor.
These will be trimmed with suitable decorations and electrically lighted.

The piano stands at the left of the fireplace and at the right is the table tree which on Thursday will be covered with simple gifts for the children in our big family.

Befor Monday morning this will be trimmed with glistening ornaments and strings of popcorn.

The dining room is going to be an ideal place for our Christmas celebrations.

A party of fifteen, and another of five had dinner here tonight.
Some of the guests were natives of New England but were now living in California.

Roads are still very slippery and motoring extremely dangerous.
This condition keeps people at home.

Wayside Inn
Mr. Foster

Sunday - December 17 - 1933

Chilly and gray.

Another day of weather. Only a few braved the ice and cloudiness.

A man from Cairo, Egypt was one of a group of four for dinner.

More inquiries about dinner on Christmas day. We hope there will be one hundred and fifty or more.

A prospective bride groom asked for information as to our guest rooms. He is planning a honey moon a little later - and looked forward to coming here.

It is now raining - a good thing - for it will take away the snow of last week - and we do wish the wind would change and that the sun would shine once again.

Wayside Inn
Ann Foster.

Monday - December 12 - 1933

Mild and sunshiny

Today was all bustle and bustle in the large dining room where preparations were being made for the party-dance - the final dancing class of the Mary Land and South west school together with the Juniors of the "Wayside Inn Boys School".

The trees are gaily decorated and there is an air of anticipation pervading the Inn.

Over one hundred and fifty chairs were needed.

Naturally there were the mothers, fathers, aunts and grandmas who wanted to see how well their little ones were following Mr Haynes instructions.

The music, the gay dresses, the tiny blue lights twinkling among the dripping tinsel on the trees added to the excitement that Christmas brings combined to make the evening one of the most attractive and enjoyable ones of the season

While the party was in progress - ten guests were making candy in the old kitchen while enjoying an old kitchen dinner - always delicious and delightful.

We now have between twenty and thirty reservations for Christmas dinner which is very encouraging.

Wayside Inn
Ann Foster.

Tuesday December 19-1933

Cold and Fair.

The Junior dance-party last evening was a great success. The decorations were much admired but it was decided that the large tree was poorly placed, so that was changed this morning.
Decorations and lights re-arranged and a few more wreaths brought down to trim the old dining room windows.

Professor Schell, a frequent guest of the Inn brought out eights men for a steak dinner.
Later they gathered in the old kitchen and moving pictures were shown of places visited abroad by one of the group.

While they were having a happy time, the adult dancing class were having their last lesson for the series just ending.
Mr. Haynes is simply determined to drill them in the correct waltz step.
A smaller gathering than usual, due to the holiday demands.

Many last notes written and last cards addressed in spare moments today.

More Christmas dinner reservations.

Wayside Inn
Ann Hastes.

Wednesday December 20. 1933

Cold and gray.

About noon, instead of snow flakes - drops of rain on the window panes were noticed - much to the surprise of all - for it was extremely cold.

Tonight, the dress rehearsal of the pageant is scheduled.
This is to be given in front of the market on Friday evening.

All is in readiness - and tonight while the principals, shepherds and angels were rehearsing under cover, a group of the family were making and filling extra stockings and gathering the various things that are to be given tomorrow evening.

Mr Sennott and Mr Roberts visited us today, and consulted with Mrs Spicer, Mr Curtis and Mr Hall regarding the floor of the large ball-room.
Mr Sennott and Mr Roberts remained for luncheon but left soon after.

A general inspection was made of things that require expert advice -

Our Christmas dinner list is growing - nearly sixty tonight -

Wayside Inn -
Am Hostess.

Thursday - December 21 - 1933

Cold and clear

Everybody is anticipating the family tree tonight.

Mr Coulter has installed a large table near the fire place - where the wood box usually stands to hold the trays of candy and popcorn filled stockings.

Varied colored balloons - as many shapes as of color are tugging at their strings, all swinging from a sturdy cord stretched from beam to beam near the tree.

Gifts of all sorts, inexpensive but attractive each with an individual name - are grouped at the base of the tree.

Rugs are strewn over the floor so the children may sit and have an unobstructed view of the movie screen and tree.

Gray blankets are to be used to augment the rugs if more little ones come than we expect.

And now for seven o'clock - everything is in readiness.

Arrivals actually began at 7:30. Fathers, mothers, and eager children!

The evening celebration was opened by singing "Holy night." Miss Fisher at the piano & leading the singing with Mr Curtis and three other men singers - all of our family - stood back of the piano giving support and volume.

Then came the movie pictures, Mr Young as master of ceremonies.

Cont. on next sheet

Thursday - December 21 - 1933 - continued.

The graduation pictures of last June were shown - also Mrs Spicer's home garden in Detroit.

Snow scenes of heavy storms in previous winters - showing the oxen pulling the snow plough a typical New England outfit. The little folks were delighted.

When Santa Claus arrived - all was excitement. He first read a telegram from Mrs Spicer - supposedly, asking Santa to be sure and stop at the Wayside Inn.

Santa was fun itself and finally amid squeals of happiness - the gifts were distributed. Lemonade and cookies were then enjoyed and the large party dispersed after all had joined in singing another Christmas hymn.

It was a lovely enjoyable evening one long to be remembered both by the children and the older folks.

Mrs Spicer is to be congratulated. I feel sure she must feel repaid for her unceasing efforts to bring to fruition instinct and careful planning.

It is no small piece of work to make a setting and give or create enjoyment for such a large and varied gathering.

Wayside Inn -
Ann Hawkes

Friday - December 22. 1933

Cloudy and warmer.

Again the diningroom has been put in order. This time it is for the boys who are to have their Christmas party by themselves - in their own way.

A Christmas pageant was put on early in the evening, in front of the market.

Those who witnessed the rehearsal - knew it would be a great success - which fact - this performance tonight proved.

Last errands are done, "Merry Christmas" wishes are heard frequently and nothing serious has transpired to mar any occasion.

It has all been wonderful!

Wayside Inn
Ann Hostess

Saturday, December 23. 1933

Clear and cold.

This morning Mr Rostrum brought over boxes and trays of evergreens and winter berries - the sprays of which were cut from six to eight inches long. all ready to make our dining room tables' decorations for Christmas day.

We finished twenty six before dark. the sprays having for a base or foundation a block of wood with a handful of moss wired on.

These have been greatly admired - and will make the tables very gay and festive. Besides - the materials used are most appropriate for our old fashioned Inn.

Contrary to expectations - quite a few guests visited us today - several remaining for luncheon or tea according to the hour.

The phone has brought us more Christmas reservations - bringing the number about ninety.

There are three rooms occupied by over night guests.
"Ole Bull" has honeymooners from Hollins Va. who are today enjoying the things to see and do in Boston and vicinity -

Mrs Spicer left this morning for New York. She will be greatly missed but we look forward to her return the middle or last of next week.
She has our best wishes for a right merry Christmas and a very happy time with her sister over the holiday.

Wayside Inn
Mr Foster -

Sunday - December 24. 1933

Overcast - Mild

After the excitement of the various doings today seems very quiet.

One thing that made it seem bright, was our over night guests - six in all - who were most enthusiastic over the Inn - and very interesting people.

Mr Sterling Williams, principal of Newton High school, a man who has made economics his special study has been most interesting

He has travelled at length in this country and extensively in Russia and thinks conditions in that most encouraging.

Not many dining room guests. Nearly everybody is busy - doing those last things.

The family down stairs had a real little Christmas time at the noon hour. Amusing gifts were exchanged and all enjoyed the special dinner - sitting down together. Relish and savors were presented to each one.

By six o'clock the country was filled with a dense fog - which made travel very dangerous.

Wayside Inn
Ann Hastings.

Monday - December 25. 1933

Christmas Day

Bright and cold.

The ground is a glare of ice but the sun is shining and we hope to happen.

Everything went smoothly - upstairs and down. There was no confusion.

One hundred and thirty seven people were served and the dinner was pronounced delicious.

The parking space was a beautiful skating rink - or would have been. The men were kept busy spreading sand as extensively as possible to prevent the machines from colliding.

Many of the noon guests ate in the huge dining room amid the twinkling blue lamps on the four trees - and appeared to enjoy it.

The Christmas spirit indeed prevails - for each person seemed to enjoy all of the things done for them and were plainly appreciative.

Tommy Hogan and Mike Rolecki called on us today. They are former graduates of the Wayside Inn school for boys

Wayside Inn -
Our Hostess.

Tuesday - December 26, 1933

Snow all day.

In spite of the snow and wind, six ladies braved the storm and had a steak dinner at one today.

Cards would have been in order but the snow falling at the rate of one inch each hour and the drifts caused by the high wind were too menacing.

At 3:30 Mr Coulter went out armed with broom and shovel to disenter their buried car and so help them on their way.

The large tree was dismantled this morning and packed away neatly to await a 1934 Santa Claus.

A box of candy from "Sanders" a well known "sweets" shop - in fact there are ten in Detroit - arrived this morning for the bar "maids".

This was from "Steve" who is evidently still there, enjoying the big city.

This is not a picture of today storm but one that came a few weeks ago. But the same, beautiful white snow mantle and trimmings.

Wayside Inn
Mr Foster

Thursday December 28. 1933.

10 below zero.

There is very little to be written about a day such as this is. Too cold that it is not safe to travel very far - and so much to do in the house toward keeping the fires and guarding the water pipes.

The men are shoveling snow from the various roofs and breaking the icicles - some over three feet in length - from the eaves.

We closed the day with a record of thirty guests served which was very gratifying.

Fireside Inn
Ira Foster

Friday - December 29. 1933

8 below zero early a.m
+ below zero or above.

Rarely do such days occur in New England but we were warned in the early Fall that we would experience an extremely cold Winter. That prediction is being fulfilled.

Altho ice is formed on the pantry floor and pipes leading to the hot water and coffee urns are frozen, Agnes and Rose dressed in sweaters and sweaters are fighting the cold and hustling about clearing the old dining room and re-arranging tables for the wedding breakfast tomorrow morning.

At four o'clock today. Miss Dickerson, Mrs Winship and Mr Crondis are to meet in the large dining room and practice for the musical program for the special party tomorrow.

Wayside Inn
Sudbury

Saturday, December 30 1933

22 below zero.

The wedding breakfast was ordered for 9:30 a.m.
About ten, the bride and her husband arrived.

Looking out of the bar room window we saw a
vision of loveliness floating - or so it seemed - amid
billows of ivory satin and a cloud of veiling.

The path from gate to inn had been shoveled, but
high drifts of snow were piled on either side of
the path and the combination made a beautiful
picture.

After a short, informal reception down stairs
the bridal couple led the thirty four guests who
marched in twos to the small dining room.

The Christmas-green decorations were used for
all tables except the brides.
Her own bouquet of lilies of the valley and cream
roses was laid in the center of the table and with
stems and ribbons matching the large bouquet of red
roses carried by the bride's maid of honor was placed.

While the breakfast was served the piano and
violin furnished sweet music. Dancing was enjoyed
later.

Twice, for a steak dinner at three and nine at
six o'clock, partook of an old kitchen dinner - cooked
and served in the old kitchen by candle light.

All were women who have been graduated from
Radcliffe. For twenty two years they have met in
this way for a yearly celebration. They will come again.

Wayside Inn
Sue Hartley

Sunday, December 31 - 1933

Milder and overcast.

At noon there were only a few guests - but we are getting ready for a goodly attendance tomorrow.

The milder weather will allow people to take the drive from the cities - and we look for better business next week.

The men on the place are busy with roofs, steam pipes and water pipes - We will not soon forget this terrific cold snap.

After all we had quite a few for dinner and five came for "Tea". Three of these were from California and had never been here before. They fell in love with the Inn.

Between five and six o'clock - seven guests en route from Maine to Ohio sought food and shelter.

They reported unbelievable temperatures in Maine and with difficulty were pulled out of drifts in order to begin their journey.

The kitchen is gay and warm again tonight. Ten people are expected at six thirty for one of those rare treats an old kitchen dinner.

Two others have reserved "Ole Bull" - to arrive at ten - thirty - so our gray, overcast Sunday has turned out surprisingly well.

Tomorrow is the first day of the New Year. May our earnest prayers be answered and may the coming year be a happy one.

Wanda Inn
An Hostess.